The Sketch

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WIFE OF BERMUDA'S GOVERNOR-DESIGNATE.

LADY BURGHLEY, *sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, is leaving England for Bermuda, as her husband, Lord Burghley, elder son of the Marquess of Exeter, has been appointed Governor and C.-in-C. of the islands. He is the famous Olympic hurdler; has sat as Conservative Member for Peterborough since 1931, and in July of last year was appointed Controller of American Supplies and Repairs at M.A.P. Lady Burghley has three daughters. She has been working in the Prisoners of War Department of the Red Cross.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PEARL FREEMAN.

A

MOTLEY NOTES

By ALAN KEMP.

Joking Apart . . . A correspondent has written to me, more in sorrow than in anger, complaining that my Notes sometimes show a tendency to levity inappropriate to these serious times. In effect, he says: "Do you realise that there is a war on?" I can assure him that I do, and, just to prove it, I am going to devote my remarks this week to an economic and statistical review of the war. *That* ought to satisfy him. If you, being less sombre-minded, regard the prospect with alarm and despondency—well, you will find some excellent pictures and reading-matter on other pages. You have been warned.

"Of course you can't go on parade to-night. I've promised Mrs. Jones the loan of you to weed *her* garden!"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

The Great Unobtainable. Beginning with the classic laws of demand and supply (which are too familiar to the intelligent reader to need discussion), we pass naturally to the principles of production and consumption (so well known that to enlarge on them would be to insult your intelligence), and this brings us, by an easy transition, to the question of goods in short supply as the result of war conditions. In fact, by a curious coincidence, it brings us to an article which I have just been reading on this very subject. Let us consider a few of the items in the lengthening list of the Great Unobtainable. Apart from their economic importance, they will help us to realise what sacrifices we are all making and how nobly we bear them—in short, what splendid characters we all are. This is always good for morale—it being clearly understood that the sacrifices which I am making are far greater than those which you are making; and, of course, *vice versa* (with lace insertion).

The Higher the Fewer. The production of bicycle bells is down by 99 per cent. The only advantage of this is that you can scatter pedestrians in all directions, and it won't be your fault. Cosmetics—well, if you don't know about *them*, it is not through any lack of warning from me. Beer—there is more than ever, yet there is less than ever. This seeming paradox, however, is a problem for moralists rather than economists. Boot polish—280,000 tins of it disappear every week, and when you ask for it in a shop, you are met with a mocking laugh and some galling remark like "Try a banana-skin!" It is my belief that somebody is eating it to supply deficient carbohydrates. Hair-grips, commonly called "slides," because they always slide into the wrong place: my research staff informs me that there are only eight million per year, as against eighty million pre-war. Here the economic explanation is simple: the other seventy-two million were formerly used by husbands, brothers and sweethearts as pipe-cleaners. This is now impossible, as there are no pipes—at least, there is only one pipe where there were twenty of yore. Thus we see an interesting illustration of what Hackingkoff calls the Law of the Reciprocal Influence of Commodities.

Vanishing Quantities. Fountain pens; my first rough calculation was that production was down by ten thousand per cent., but a check-up yields a more conservative estimate—*viz.*, 75 per cent. The shortage of pencils might cause hardship, and even discontent, if we were not all so greatly cheered and comforted by the thought of the millions which are being used in Government offices. The same, of course, applies to typewriters. It is said that in many businesses shorthand-typists are writing letters in their own blood, but they give it freely and uncomplainingly for their country. The shortage of egg-whisks has become acute, but is borne with great fortitude by housewives, perhaps because they think that in order to whisk an egg, it is necessary to have an egg to whisk. As for matches, you will hardly believe me when I tell you (but my informant is quite positive) that fifteen hundred million boxes per year are now being produced. It is only half the pre-war quantity, but it sounds a tidy lot. Where do they all go to? Not to me; but I am not worrying, because I have solved the match problem. I have four automatic lighters, none of which ever lights. I take one from my pocket, scratch at it vainly with an expression of increasing despair—and then somebody else always produces a light. I have never known it to fail, and it is a very instructive example of Unearned Increment.

Diminishing Returns. Little need be said about such articles as watches, clocks, wireless valves and golf-balls. They have ceased to have anything but an antiquarian interest. For the benefit of archæologists, some of our museums are already making collections of umbrellas. It might, at first sight, be considered a reflection on our climate that before the war five million of these articles were produced every year; but actually only 57·02 per cent. were ever used for protection against the weather, the remaining 42·98 per cent. being either left in public conveyances or borrowed by friends and never returned. This is known in economics as the Law of Diminishing Returns. The beggarly half-million gallons of paint which exist in the country represents only a thirtieth of normal output, yet it is said to be enough to paint 160,000 houses—if you could find anybody to do the painting. There are one or two saucepans about—indeed, it is officially stated that there are a third of the pre-war quantity; but tell that to any housewife and you will be lucky if all you get is a bitter, mirthless laugh.

"He charges sixpence on placing of order, and a final payment of a shilling on completion of contract." (DRAWN BY PAT AULD.)

The Finer Things of Life. So far I have been dealing only with necessaries or articles of utility; luxury goods naturally require a different set of economic calculations. Port and sherry sound like old, far-off, forgotten things, and I rub my eyes when I read that a thousand tons of them have been imported into the country in a single week. You would think a thousand tons enough to keep drought at bay, but apparently it is hardly sufficient to wet the whistles of our sherry-minded and port-thirsty public. Take, again, goldfish. Economists have never quite agreed whether goldfish are to be regarded as utilities or luxuries, and, so far as I remember, Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill evaded the issue entirely. And yet to-day a sixpenny goldfish will fetch anything from half a guinea to forty shillings. A salmon, or even a cod, at the same rate, would cost about £50. The reason is that goldfish are, apparently, a form of escapism. You can sit for hours watching goldfish gambolling and forget all about the war. Doctors recommend it as soothing to the nerves. Or you can sit and listen to the artless, care-free song of the canary, if you are willing to pay anything from £3 to £5 for the bird. Many people who can get the entire B.B.C. for ten shillings a year consider a single good canary soprano worth ten times as much. Heaven knows what a parrot with a really rich vocabulary costs to-day.

Say It With Coupons. Are playing-cards necessaries or luxuries? One school of economists considers that the answer depends on how many aces and kings you hold; another school dismisses cards out of hand as unnecessary evils—at least, the distinguished economist known as "Beachcomber" quotes Lord Dudley as saying that "knitting is better than cards for men." I hope this is not intended to imply that cards are better than knitting for women, for without an adequate supply of home-made mittens and mufflers it is difficult to see how our brave lads at the front could possibly clean their rifles, polish their equipment and stuff holes in hutments. Again, are flowers and sweets necessaries or luxuries? Here, too, opinion is divided, but one authority at least, Mrs. Roosevelt, emphatically holds that these refinements of life are economic necessaries to those young Englishmen (believed to be a considerable class) who desire to engage the affections of the opposite sex. They must be "more gallant," says Mrs. Roosevelt, and their gallantry, in her opinion, should take the charming old-world form of "flowers and candy." An interesting example of the change in economic values. It used to be sparkling, priceless diamonds; now it is sweet-scented bouquets at about ten shillings per bud or bloom and rare and refreshing chocolates at about a coupon a bite.

"She's had a tiff with the navigator of 'G for George,' and she won't give him permission to land!"

DRAWN BY APP.

"Dear me! We're getting along faster than I realised. Here's a picture of us landing in Gallipoli!"

DRAWN BY HAILSTONE.

The Sausage Problem. A constant, and as yet unsolved, economic problem, to which I have had occasion to refer before, is the sausage. New and unsuspected aspects of this time-honoured mystery are always revealing themselves, and the latest, and perhaps the most difficult, is: Is a sausage a meal? It is easy to reply that that depends on (1) the size of the sausage, and (2) what it contains, but that gets us nowhere, because we still have to ask whether it is a "main" or a "subsidiary." Apparently it is *prima facie* a subsidiary, but if served with a potato it becomes a "main." In defending a restaurateur who committed the crime of becoming confused about these subtle distinctions, a solicitor observed the other day that a main meal was supposed to contain a modicum of meat, but a customer who ordered a sausage was not in a position to say whether he had ever had any meat. A hard saying, but it is difficult to see what is the legal answer to it. Either there should be evidence before the court about the contents of a

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specific sausage which is no longer *in esse*, or we must assume that there is an irrebuttable presumption in law that a sausage contains meat. This leads to the further question, what is meat? I hope the House of Lords will some day consider the question, but I don't envy them their task.

731. Turning to the textile front, we find the stocking situation somewhat eased by the production of 731, known less prosaically as Dalton Victory Utility Hose. They claim to have solved the ladder problem. Nine public-spirited girls, on behalf of the Board of Trade, have worn them for nine weeks without a single ladder. They are to be congratulated, for it is no mean feat to wear *any* stockings for nine weeks (continuously, I presume?). On the other hand, these hose have a marked concertina tendency, and the wearer has to choose between ladders and wrinkles—a difficult decision for any woman. It is also stated that "they tend to take away from the shape of the leg." It is for every woman to decide whether she wants shape taken away or added on—always provided, of course, that there is any shape as a foundation. There are to be 45,000,000 of 731, at one and a half coupons per pair, and it is calculated that this should provide every woman with six pairs per year. Rather more, you will observe, than the official nine weeks per pair, which is handsome of Dr. Dalton.

"Coo, 'Orace—Effie! Look—a wild mahse!" (DRAWN BY SILENUS.)

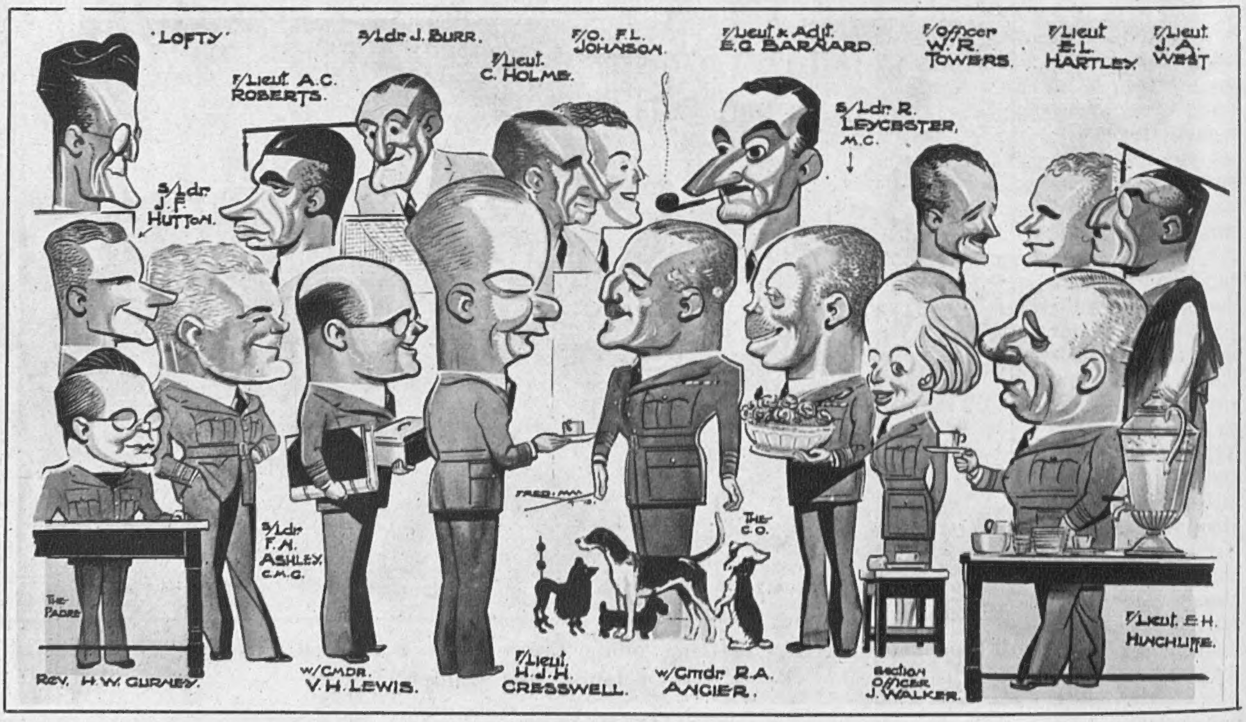
The Bride Adorned.

What we really need is a little more communal dressing. An excellent example in this respect has already been set by the Women's Services, who, for months past, have been using communal wedding-dresses, sent specially from America by "Bundles for Britain," who could not bear the thought of the flower of our womanhood being condemned to spinsterhood for lack of a wedding garment. I think the principle might well be adopted by the civilian population. Why should not District Groups hold in common at least one non-utility exclusive model for suitable occasions, which might, indeed, be valuable preliminaries to the communal bridal costume? The system, I believe, is already familiar in large families, and might well be extended in these days when social co-operation is so important. We already have complete communism in bicycles, lamps, batteries, pumps and many other necessaries of life; why not in articles of attire?

"But Sarge — is my journey *really* necessary?"

DRAWN BY MONK.

Q.E.D. There are many other commodities with which I have not space to deal, but I trust that enough has been said to give a bird's-eye view of the economic effects of war. Summing up my researches as far as they have gone, my general conclusion is that an early and victorious peace would be a sound corrective (at all events as an experiment) for some of the present economic anomalies.



Here is a spit-and-polish parade of R.A.F. GROUND DUTIES SECTIONAL STAFF *at home in their Mess—genial types whose training and experience are of tremendous significance to the flying-men. Neatly introduced are the hobbies of the C.O., Wing Commander Angier—dog-fancier; and Squadron Leader Leycester with a bowl of his pet roses.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

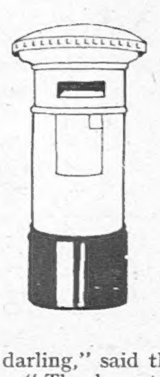
The seventy-third of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"I HAVE THE FEELING WE MUST HAVE MET IN SOME OTHER WAR."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—I have had a letter from the Labour Exchange asking me why I am not Nursing.

I must say, my heart gave a bound of joy when I read it, but Charles was cross. "I never heard such nonsense," he said. "Write and tell them you are the wife of a busy Doctor."

"But we still have Matins and Evensong."

"And what about week-ends?" said Charles, peering round *The Times*, behind which it is his custom to hide during breakfast. "And their Days Off, and the shopping, and when my Miss D. gets ill?"

"If you were a widower, Charles——"

"Yes, but the point is, I 'm not," said Charles.

"It would only be Hospital coolie work, you know, darling," said the Linnet, who was having one of her days off.

"The lowest menial duties," said Charles, and disappeared behind *The Times* again.

"You might come to our Hospital," said the Linnet. "I 'd say, 'You see that woman scrubbing the corridor? Well, it 's my mother.'"

"But they get their Days Off, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. They get their Days Off, of course."

"And no scrubbing at week-ends?" I said wistfully.

"'It 's my mother.'"

Charles laid *The Times* on his knee, leant across the table and peered closely at me. "I believe she *wants* to go," he said.

"Well, if you want to know, I 'm dead sick of looking after this house," I said in a choked voice.

There was a long silence while the Linnet and Charles looked at each other. It is always their dread that I may make a Scene. Bill, on the other hand, enjoys this simple pleasure as much as I do, and was once known to throw a coal-scuttle across the room. He and I often discuss the incident with pleasure, but Charles and the Linnet have never alluded to it since it happened. To pretend not to notice that a Scene is taking place is their method of dealing with it, and a very good one, too, because it isn't any fun making a scene unless somebody makes one back at you.

How I longed for Bill at that moment. He would, I know, have risen from the table and said, "Of course, if Mother doesn't like having us at home there is nothing else to be said," and he would have left the room. There would have been a Reconciliation later, and some cups of tea, and a good deal of giggling, in which the Linnet would have joined as though she had been a participator in the Scene, instead of a mere onlooker.

But Charles and the Linnet gave each other a long, gloomy look, and Charles said: "Pass the jam, will you?"

And the Linnet said, "I don't like plum jam much."

And Charles said, "Nor do I. Not enough sugar."

"That 's right, grumble at the food," I said, for I was determined to have my Scene.

"I raised it about three inches from the ground."

"Nobody 's grumbling at the food," said Charles in the soothing voice which always maddens me.

"You may not have noticed it, but sugar is rationed," I said, heavily sarcastic.

"Your mother needs a holiday," said Charles, as though I were not in the room. "She 's sick of housekeeping."

"I should think I jolly well was sick of it!" I shouted. "I 'd like to smash the place to bits!" and my eye was irresistibly drawn towards the coal-scuttle. If Bill had hurled it, then why not I? I ran across the room and seized it by the handle. It is a very big coal-scuttle and very full of coal. I raised it about three inches from the ground and then put it down with a grunt.

I looked at Charles and the Linnet. There was a twinkle in Charles's eye, and the Linnet, after one or two snorts, put her table-napkin over her face and began laughing. And that was the end of my Scene. But good has come from it, even though it was such a poor C3 affair, because we really *are* going on a holiday. Charles needs one even more than I do, although, as Evensong says, he doesn't create so much about it.

Charles's indispensable Miss D. having fallen a victim to early Autumn influenza, I am doing a spell at the Surgery. The first person I opened the door to this afternoon was Lady B. "Hullo," I said, "you aren't ill, are you?"

"I 'm glad to say I am not," said Lady B., sinking down with a happy sigh on to the sofa in the Waiting Room. "I have come for three reasons. One is to read the Weekly Papers, the second is to feast my eyes on darling Charles, and the third is my Knee."

I gave her the weekly papers and ran to answer the telephone, and the next patient to arrive was Faith.

"I suppose you 've come to feast your eyes on Charles too," I said, showing her into the Waiting Room.

"Well, yes, in a way," said Faith, who was looking flushed and unlike herself.

"Do you think she 's got a temperature?" I whispered to Lady B., but Lady B. shook her head. Faith went over to the window and waved to the Conductor, who was pacing up and down outside like a caged lion.

"Wouldn't he like to come in and sit down too?" I said. But Faith said no, he 'd sooner be in the fresh air, and Lady B. said she was sure the telephone was ringing and hadn't I better go and answer it.

When it came to Lady B.'s turn to see Charles, she said she was too interested in a short story to leave it, and Faith could go instead.

After that there was so much bell and telephone I forgot all about Faith until I nearly ran into her as she was going out. "Darling Henrietta!" she cried, and clasped me in her arms.

I decided that she must have been imagining herself to be suffering from some serious illness, and that Charles had put her mind at rest. But she then gave me another hug and said, "That Fortune-teller at the Dog's Jamboree was dead right."

"You have got a temperature, Faith," I said, for her eyes were shining like stars.

"Believe me," said Faith, "I 've got something much better than a temperature."

This remark puzzled me very much, but as I was taking Lady B. along to Charles's room a thought flashed through my mind, and I drew her into the Dispensary. "You don't think by any chance Faith could possibly be going to have a *baby?*" I whispered.

"Of course she is," said Lady B. "I guessed it ages ago."

Always, your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"Lady B. said she was too interested in a short story to leave it."

FARINGDON HOUSE-PARTY: LORD BERNERS AND THE HEBER-PERCYS.

Conversation-piece at Faringdon. Lord Berners is holding baby VICTORIA GALA, *while her parents,* MR. *and* MRS. ROBERT HEBER-PERCY, *sit on either side of the fireplace.*

In the garden.

On the steps.

THESE photographs were taken at Faringdon House, Lord Berners' grey stone, Early Georgian country house near Oxford. Here Lord Berners writes, paints and composes. His newest composition was written for and played by him on the church organ at the christening of Victoria Gala, baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heber-Percy, who live with him at Faringdon. Mr. Heber-Percy, who was invalided out of the Army, farms on the estate. His wife was Jennifer Fry; she is the only child of Sir Geoffrey Fry, K.C.B. Lord Berners is now writing reminiscences of his schooldays at Eton.

Interior, with Lord Berners at his desk before a fine tapestry.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

IF you go to Warners' or the Regal this week, you will see what is, without any doubt, an exceptionally interesting picture. It is called "KING'S ROW." I can't promise you'll like it. I don't like it. But I can promise, and hereby do, that it will be talked about. Wherever the intelligentsia get together, and the conversation comes round, as it inevitably does, to films, somebody will start a controversy about "King's Row." I expect to see the title cropping up for years in the foyer of revivalist cinemas.

King's Row is a small, mid-west American town of the early 1900's. It is a stuffy, snobbish, scandal-whispering little place, where everyone makes it his business to know his neighbour's. The right people live on one side of the railway tracks and the wrong people on the other. Young gentlemen have to be careful whom they take out riding in buggies. Inhibited young ladies count the evenings until their papas go out of town on business. Lynx-eyed old people sit on the porches and rock. Tearful-eyed young people peep out through the chinks in lace curtains. Morals are harsh, medicine primitive, and the whole place seems sick with a kind of inbred repression. The town is morbid, and supplies the atmosphere in which catastrophe just naturally grows.

Parris Mitchell (Robert Cummings) and Drake McHugh (Ronald Reagan) are boyhood friends who have grown up in King's Row. Each of them loves a local doctor's daughter. Parris, who is training to be a doctor himself, and is planning to go to Vienna to study under the new psychologists, is in love with Cassandra (Betty Field), the daughter of his medical tutor. To his bewilderment, the father keeps them apart. Cassandra, wild, nervous and passionate, meets him in secret, begs him to take her with him to Vienna. Her father, discovering this, poisons the girl and then commits suicide, explaining that the girl is incurably insane, and that marriage with her would ruin the young doctor's career.

Drake, a gay young spark with too little to do and too much money, is in love with Louise (Nancy Coleman), daughter of the town's leading surgeon. Her father grimly forbids the marriage, and in a fit of savage morality amputates the young man's legs—unnecessarily—after an accident. A girl from the wrong side of the railway tracks (Ann Sheridan) befriends the now helpless Drake, and marries him. Louise, now almost as mad as the unhappy Cassandra, threatens to publish her father's guilt and expose him as a sadist. To this pleasant state of affairs Parris returns from Vienna. He is now a full-fledged doctor and a psycho-analyst. He is Drake's friend and Louise's friend. What ought he to do? He could certify Louise as insane and put her in an asylum. He could let her shout out the whole ugly story and ruin Drake's chance of happiness. In the end, he tells Drake the truth in his own way, and gives him courage to face the future—with, I am sorry to say, a celestial choir and a passage from "Invictus"—the only phoney note in a very sincere film.

"King's Row," as you can see, is not cosy entertainment. Personally, feeling as I do about stories of insanity, I found it unpleasantly distressing. But of its integrity there is not the smallest doubt. "King's Row" is an uncompromisingly honest picture. There has been no attempt to blur the outlines of the rugged, ugly scenes. Ann Sheridan, who has done nothing better on the screen, has been practically de-oomphed. Betty Field gives a performance of the mad Cassandra that is quite terrible—and completely right. Judith Anderson, Claude Rains and Charles Coburn in the smaller parts are as gruesome and convincing a trio as you'd ever hope not to meet in a dark street of a small town at night. You may find "King's Row" an unpleasant film—but I don't think you'll find it boring.

"MILLIONS LIKE US," due at the Gaumont next week, is sturdy, sentimental and British, and Mr. Bevin should *adore* it. It's all about the girls who are directed away from home to work in munition factories—the "mobile" women—and it shows how happy they are, just as happy as in the Waafs or Wrens or Ats; how well they are hostelled; how kindly they are treated; how safely they are protected from air raids; what jolly dances they have, with all those R.A.F. camps so neighbourly located. . . No, really, "Millions Like Us" is a useful film with a warm heart and plenty of observation. It is certain to be enormously popular. It will make the girls laugh, which they enjoy, and it will make them cry, which they enjoy even more. It will make them feel good altogether, bless them.

Two love-stories are edged in delicately between the moral and the machinery. One involves a shy little shop-girl and an even shyer Scottish wireless operator on a Stirling. These two meet at a dance, enjoy an almost monosyllabic courtship and a brief rhapsody of marriage. The passages between them, tenderly played by Patricia Roe and young Gordon Jackson, the Scottish boy from "The Foreman Went to France," are probably as near perfection as any love-scenes we have ever done in this country.

The other romance is a tentative thing between a society girl (Anne Crawford) and the factory's blunt Yorkshire foreman (Eric Portman). It is never allowed to develop fully, but I think you will like the way it is handled, both by directors and players. It might very well happen, you feel, that a bored, embittered girl, thrown into a world of mentally less agile women, rapt away from her own class of friends, might centre her interests on a plain man who too ostentatiously doesn't like her. Mr. Portman, sucking a pipe and speaking, when he speaks at all, with the accents of his native county, has no trouble with the part, and his countless admirers will find him devastating. Miss Crawford is comparatively new to films. She is a tall blonde, who impresses with a rather unusual combination of elegance and humour. One special word of praise for a girl who has no love-story. She's the plump, dark one, the jolly, sensible one; the adaptable, comforting girl from a Welsh University. Name in the film, Gwen. Name of actress, Megs Jenkins. Of all the girls in "Millions Like Us," that's the girl for me.

Human nature being essentially snobbish, "STAGE DOOR CANTEEN" (Odeon) is bound to be received with favour. There are

THE BEST PLAYS.

Starred by "The Sketch." ★★★=*highest value.*

★★★ "WATCH ON THE RHINE" (*Aldwych*). Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in U.S.

★★★ "FLARE PATH" (*Apollo*). R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

★★★ "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Irene Browne.

★★★ "PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" (*Duke of York's*). 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

★★ "THE MERRY WIDOW" (*His Majesty's*). Revived with Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott.

★★ "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" (*Palace*). Musical, with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge.

★★ "MY SISTER EILEEN" (*Savoy*). American slapstick with Sally Gray, Coral Browne, Max Bacon.

★★ "THE DANCING YEARS" (*Adelphi*). Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

★★ "SWEET AND LOW" (*Ambassadors*). Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham in revue.

★★ "THE LISBON STORY" (*Hippodrome*). Play with music.

★★ "STRIKE A NEW NOTE" (*Prince of Wales*). George Black's revue, with the rising generation and Sid Field.

★★ "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY" (*St. James's*). Turgenev comedy perfectly done; Michael Redgrave, Nora Swinburne, Ronald Squire.

★★ "CLAUDIA" (*St. Martin's*). Joyce Redman and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

★★ "JUNIOR MISS" (*Saville*). Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

★★ "HI-DE-HI" (*Stoll*). Hilarious revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Florence Desmond, Eddie Gray.

★★ "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

★★ "LOTTIE DUNDASS" (*Vaudeville*). Unusual thriller with Ann Todd and Sybil Thorndike.

★★ "IT'S TIME TO DANCE" (*Winter Garden*). Musical with Jack Buchanan, Fred Emney, Elsie Randolph.

★ "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN" (*Coliseum*). Revue with Nervo and Knox.

★ "LIVING ROOM" (*Garrick*). Esther McCracken's third. Louise Hampton and Jane Baxter.

★ "THEY CAME TO A CITY" (*Globe*). Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

★ "LOVE FOR LOVE" (*Haymarket*). Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Leslie Banks, Leon Quartermaine.

★ "FLYING COLOURS" (*Lyric*). Revue. Binnie Hale, Douglas Byng, Jackie Hunter.

★ "VARIETY COMES BACK" (*Palladium*). Max Miller, Maurice Colleano, Billy Cotton's Band, etc.

★ "SUNNY RIVER" (*Piccadilly*). Musical play with Edith Day, Evelyn Laye, Dennis Noble.

★ "MR. BOLFRY" (*Playhouse*). New James Bridie play. Alastair Sim.

★ "MAGIC CARPET" (*Princes*). Musical extravaganza; with Sydney Howard and Cyril Fletcher.

★ "QUIET WEEK-END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

M.G.M.'s "Adventures of Tartu" (Empire) stars ROBERT DONAT *as Captain Terrence Stevenson, engineer, who, passing as Jan Tartu, travels to Czechoslovakia to blow up a Nazi poison-gas factory. His hosts, the Palaceks, he finds belong to an anti-Nazi organisation. L. to r.: Stevenson, disguised* (ROBERT DONAT); *Paula Palacek* (GLYNIS JOHNS); *Maruschka* (VALERIE HOBSON); *Anna Palacek* (PHYLLIS MORRIS); *Inspector Otto Vogel* (WALTER RILLA).

sixty-five celebrities in it, not acting parts, not fictionalising, just being their own charming, natural selves. And few can resist the appeal of meeting, off the stage or screen, even *one* celebrity, as organisers of charity fêtes discovered long ago. The method of introducing the stars into the film is dazzlingly simple. There is, in New York, a real Stage Door Canteen. It is an organisation for Service-men, run by the American Theatre Wing. Every evening, from five o'clock onwards, Service-men of any nation can go there and get free food, dancing and a variety show. They are entertained by apparently glamorous young hostesses, who are not allowed to make dates with them, but may hold their hands while they drink their milk and eat their sandwiches. Major luminaries of the show world attend to the practical running of the canteen. A soldier may receive an orange from the hands of Kit Cornell. His plate may be washed by George Raft, handed to him by Hugh Herbert. He will be played for—or at—by America's leading dance-bands—Benny Goodman's, Count Basie's, half-a-dozen of them. All this real-life benevolence the film shows you, combined with a trifling love-story of three soldiers who meet three junior hostesses on three consecutive nights of embarkation leave.

"My Friend Flicka" (Tivoli, October 10) 20th Century-Fox, Technicolor, is the story of a dreamy boy, Ken McLaughlin (RODDY McDOWALL), *his horse Flicka, and his harsh father. Here Ken lies unhappily by his horse, which he believes to be dying.*

Among the celebrities encountered in "Stage Door Canteen" are Katharine Hepburn, Katharine Cornell, Paul Muni, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Merle Oberon, Johnny Weissmuller and Tallulah Bankhead. These are what one might call the non-playing celebrities, who have lent their famous faces—and in some cases generously allowed themselves to be made fools of—in the cause of charity.

Besides them, there are the entertainers, who do their professional stuff for both audience and Service-men. Gracie Fields sings a couple of songs. Ethel Merman has a turn. Kenny Baker and Lanny Ross lend their golden voices to a number apiece. Gypsy Rose Lee—ah, now we come to the film's happiest moments—Gypsy Rose Lee, Ray Bolger and Edgar Bergen are show people with a talent for just this sort of thing. No one can teach them anything about getting a lot into a little space. Like other variety players, they don't need three acts or a seven-reel scenario to develop their art. In "Stage Door Canteen" they give some of their best stuff, and their best is tops of its kind.

Respectfully, in a class by itself, I put the two violin solos by Yehudi Menuhin. These are described in the synopsis as "cream of the musical offerings," which is almost certainly an understatement. At any rate, Menuhin plays Schubert's "Ave Maria" and Rimsky Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee," and plays them superbly. Somehow even the camera-work seems to take on new heart and dignity—or perhaps it is just that the Menuhin face is a natural camera type.

ROBERT DONAT *as Jan Tartu.*

You must follow your own light with regard to "STORMY WEATHER," the all-negro musical at the Tivoli. If the darkie rhythm fascinates you, if you respond to that Old Black Magic from blues to jive, this is the picture for your money. But I beg, implore, nay, command you, to see the companion film in the Tivoli bill, "THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN." It is the tribute we should never have dared to pay to ourselves, handed to us on a strip of celluloid by the Americans. It was made by the Special Service Branch of the U.S. Army for exhibition to the American troops. The material has been gathered from many sources, including enemy newsreels, but most of it was shot at the time and on the spot by British camera-men.

You have no doubt seen war films to the point of weariness, but I do beg of you, see this one. This is the best of all; this should remain the classic history. There is little new in the film, but the old has been so powerfully cut and arranged, the American commentary is so clear and warm-hearted, that the story of that tremendous autumn of 1940 seems to emerge for the first time in its entirety. As a race we do not take praise easily. The statesmen who warn us against complacency misunderstand us. But this is one tribute we can accept without embarrassment, in the mood of impersonal admiration in which it was meant.

"They Met in the Dark" (London Pavilion). Commander Heritage loses his commission through bad luck. He next becomes involved in the case of a missing girl, of whose murder he is guiltless, but the subsequent search brings to light an enemy espionage organisation. Laura Verity (JOYCE HOWARD) *points out to Burrows* (BREFNI O'ROURKE), *the sergeant* (PERCY WALSH), *and Heritage* (JAMES MASON) *the place where the dead girl's body lies.*

MARIA MONTEZ, *glamour girl of the Universal lot, recently married French actor* JEAN PIERRE AUMONT. *She rocketted to fame in "Arabian Nights" and will soon be seen in "Cobra Woman."*

SECTION OFFICER URSULA PENDLEBURY, W.A.A.F., *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pendlebury, of Assam, India, married Major Æneas Perkins, R.E., son of the late Colonel A. F. Q. Perkins, M.C., and of Mrs. Perkins, of Fordwich, near Canterbury.*

FLIGHT LIEUT. K. R. W. EAGER, A.F.C., R.A.F.V.R., *only son of Dr. and Mrs. Richard Eager, of Countess Wear, Exeter, married* MISS BARBARA ROBERTS, *elder daughter of Mr. Walter Roberts.*

LIEUT.-COLONEL C. DE LISLE, *11th Hussars, son of General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle, married* MISS ANNE LLOYD THOMAS, *daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas.*

H.M. KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA *has left for the Middle East with his staff to set up their H.Q. in Cairo. He is seen with* QUEEN MARIE *and his brothers,* PRINCE TOMISLAV *and* PRINCE ANDREJ, *before leaving.*

CAPTAIN J. B. LLOYD FITZWILLIAMS, *Welsh Guards, elder son of Major Fitzwilliams, of Greatford, married* MISS PAMELA MIA BEATRICE BALDWIN, *Flight Officer, W.A.A.F., only daughter of Air Marshal Sir J. E. A. Baldwin.*

WEDDINGS, AN ENGAGEMENT, A KING AND STAGE ARTISTS

MISS FELICITY WAVELL and MISS RUNGANADHAN *at the India House reception given in honour of Field-Marshal Lord Wavell by the High Commissioner for India and Lady Runganadhan.*

SIR JOHN ANDERSON, *newly-appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave away* MISS VYVYAN BODLEY, *his niece by marriage, when she married Wing Commander Baird Smith, D.F.C., at St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.*

THIRD OFFICER C. P. (" JUDY ") LOVE *was one of the Wren officers who went to Canada with Mr. Churchill. She is engaged to one of his secretaries, Mr. T. L. Rowan, who was in the party.*

CAPTAIN R. F. KERSHAW, *60th Rifles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kershaw, of Onston Hall, married* MISS M. L. BERTIE, *daughter of Capt. A. Bertie, M.C.*

ALFRED LUNT *and* LYNN FONTANNE *have arrived in London and will shortly be seen in Robert Sherwood's play, " There Shall Be No Night." They will also give some special performances of Molnar's comedy, " The Guardsman."*

MR. LESLIE G. FRISE, *chief aircraft engineer of the famous Bristol Aeroplane Co., is showing a 1918 war curiosity to his son,* BARNABY—*a scale model of the triplane bomber made by his company, and used by the R.A.F. a quarter of a century ago.*

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

COMMANDER R. M. PRIOR, D.S.O., R.N., M.P. for Aston, Birmingham, thrilled the House of Commons in his maiden speech with a description of how, after the Dieppe raid, he escaped from a hospital train, borrowed a French workman's clothes, made a train journey to Paris staying there ten days, visited Hitler's Western Wall, was captured by the Vichy authorities, escaped again, and returned home across the Pyrenees, through Spain, and by way of Gibraltar, collecting valuable information all through his nine-months' trip.

LIEUT. J. O. THOMAS *and* LIEUT. R. F. SEDDON *(right)—for beating an E-boat's surrender trick and doubly ramming their victory home.*

COMMANDER R. M. PRIOR, M.P.—*for his very unusual maiden speech.*

TEMP. BRIGADIER R. E. LAYCOCK—*for raiding Rommel's H.Q. and getting away with it.*

C.P.O. ELECTRICAL ARTIFICER P. MORTER—*for creating a naval precedent and a new fashion—monocles for matelots.*

IN the North Sea recently, LIEUT. J. O. THOMAS, R.N.V.R., and LIEUT. R. F. SEDDON, R.N.V.R., both in command of light M.L.s, were detailed to intercept enemy E-boats retreating eastward after an action. Lieut. Thomas put his helm over, rammed the second boat of the enemy line, and both M.L.s engaged it with small guns. Lieut. Seddon then rammed the craft with his motor-launch and set her ablaze. The E-boat started to fire white tracer into the air in sign of surrender, but gunned our ships again when they gave the order to cease fire. Lieut. Thomas's bows were damaged and Lieut. Seddon's M.L. could only bring one forward gun to bear, manned by Able-Seaman D. Rowley, who did not release his trigger until the pan was empty. After Lieut. Seddon gave the order "Stand by to ram," both ships met head on, and the M.L. rose out of the water over the E-boat's bows and foredeck before hitting the sea again. By this time the E-boat was well alight; she took every shell, and all opposition ceased. Prisoners were taken. Lieut. Thomas, who hails from Daventry, left Aberystwyth University to join the Navy. Lieut. Seddon, of Hoylake, was a peacetime actor attached to the Liverpool Repertory Company.

TEMP. BRIGADIER R. EDWARD LAYCOCK, D.S.O., Royal Horse Guards, has been awarded the D.S.O. for his part in the Commando raid on Rommel's H.Q. in Libya. He and a sergeant were the only two of the party to get away; they regained the British lines after a forty-day journey. Brigadier Laycock was also in charge of the Commando troops covering our men at Crete.

C.P.O. ELECTRICAL ARTIFICER P. MORTER has been the cause of a special Admiralty Fleet Order sanctioning the wearing of a monocle by naval ratings. Accustomed to wearing one himself in civil life, he continued to do so in the Navy. This proceeding was irregular, and it was found necessary to make a special ruling. Otherwise Morter would have been obliged to wear spectacles, with a plain pane for the right eye.

ADDING to his many victorious actions over the enemy, LIEUT.-COM. PETER SCOTT, M.B.E., D.S.C., with light naval forces, recently had another success. Off the French coast last week they met three heavily-armed enemy patrol vessels. Undetected, our ships approached and attacked at close range with torpedoes and gunfire. One enemy vessel was blown up, a second severely damaged, the third left burning fiercely. All our ships returned safely.

COMMANDER BEN BRYANT *and* LIEUT. R. B. LAKIN—*for being a brace of brilliant submarine commanders.*

COMMANDER BEN BRYANT, D.S.O. and Double Bar, D.S.C., is the former, and LIEUT. R. B. LAKIN, D.S.O., D.S.C., the present, commander of H.M.S. "Safari," the submarine with many months of concentrated and successful war against Axis shipping in the Mediterranean to her credit. These submarine commanders are heroes of many brilliant and hazardous victories over Axis ships, for the present kept secret by the Admiralty.

LIEUT.-COM. PETER SCOTT, R.N. *(seen with his wife at the Palace)—for doing it again!*

FRENCH C.-IN-C.
AND HERO OF ADVENTURE.

GENERAL HENRI GIRAUD, *Co-President of the French Committee of National Liberation and C.-in-C., the French Forces in North and West Africa, is the hero of more than one sensational adventure. Captured by the Germans in May 1940, he succeeded in escaping from Koenigstein in April and making his way to France via Switzerland. He was taken from there by British submarine and reached North Africa in time for the Allied landings on November 8, 1942. Since then his journeys have been less sensational, but equally important. He has been to the U.S.A. and conferred with Roosevelt, and has visited Canada, where this portrait was taken. He also came to London and was received by the King at Buckingham Palace.*

OUR PHOTOGRAPH IS BY Y. KARSH, THE FAMOUS CANADIAN CAMERA PORTRAITIST, WHO IS NOW OVER HERE TO COMPILE A PICTORIAL RECORD OF WAR LEADERS FOR THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.

AIRMAN'S SCOTTISH SHANGRI-LA: ALAST

R.A.F. OFFICERS AND AIRMEN AND THEIR WIVES *at tea on the terrace.*

ALASTREAN HOUSE, *Royal Deeside, from the terraced garden, with some of the guests,*

A FEW months ago Lady MacRobert placed Alastrean House (formerly known as House of Cromar), her principal country seat in Royal Deeside, at the disposal of the R.A.F. as a leave centre for flying men, and a further memorial to her three sons, all killed while serving in the R.A.F. This magnificent country house, set in fine grounds amid lovely Highland scenery, is not her first gift to the R.A.F. In 1941 she gave £25,000 to provide "MacRobert's Reply," a Stirling bomber which has been

[Continued below.

Shooting is one of the recreations which Lady MacRobert's guests may enjoy.

Peaceful sport on the lawn: a race-game in progress in ideal surroundings.

Admiring the superb panorama of Highland scenery from the terrace walk.

Continued.]

many times over Germany; and in 1942 she provided a further £20,000 for a flight of Hurricanes which bears the MacRobert name. Now comes her third and most munificent gift—Alastrean House, and funds for its upkeep. It is open to R.A.F. officers of the flying branch, under the rank of G/Capt.; and to airmen of the flying branch. Guests, who can enjoy golf, fishing and shooting, as well as all country-house amenities, pay 1s. a day and can bring their wives for the nominal charge of 3s. 6d. a day. Holidays are not organised in any way—the guests are free to

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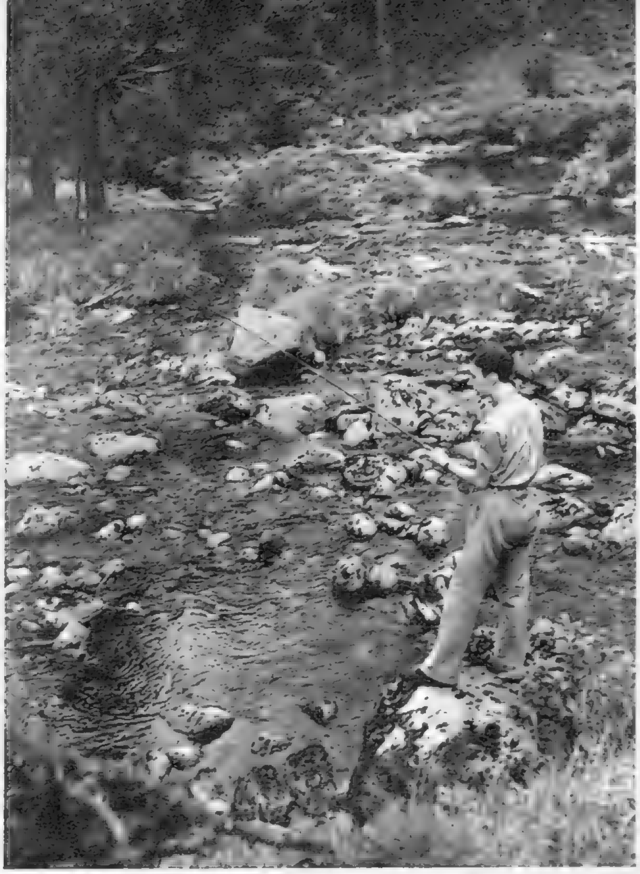
EAN HOUSE AS AN R.A.F. LEAVE CENTRE.

R.A.F. guests at Alastrean House strolling through the lovely gardens.



Trout-fishing in a Highland stream: a contrast to an airman's operational experiences.

After .. game of golf on the home course: Lady MacRobert (right) and some of her guests.

LADY MACROBERT *(right) watching guests in the grounds of Alastrean House.*

guests who have been enjoying a day's rough shooting.

Continued.]
amuse themselves according to their own fancy. Lady MacRobert intends that Alastrean House shall be a permanent memorial to her sons, and has founded a trust to carry it on after the war. It is staffed by the Service and administered by the Directorate of the Air Force Welfare. Wing-Commander L. H. Hillier, now retired from the R.A.F., acts as resident secretary, and Mrs. Hillier is hostess. Already the visitors' book contains the names of air crews from Australia, Canada, South Africa, Newfoundland and many parts of the British Isles.

LADY MacROBERT, *donor of Alastrean House.*

inserted in this issue.

THE U.S.A. MEETS SUBALTERN MARY CHURCHILL, A.D.C.

SUBALTERN MARY CHURCHILL *met members of the American counterpart of the A.T.S.—the W.A.C., and examined the flashes on a sergeant's sleeve.*

THE W.A.C. LIFE GUARD *were inspected by the Premier's A.D.C. and youngest daughter, who mounted a float and sat with them aloft.*

In America she had her first lesson in driving a "jeep," and got some fun out of it.

With a snotty's dirk, SUBALTERN CHURCHILL *cut her twenty-first birthday cake, made by the chief baker on H.M.S. "Renown," during the voyage home across the Atlantic. Mrs. Churchill is seen in the background, and left are W.R.N.S. officer guests who acted as cypher officers throughout the tour.*

As A.D.C. to her father, SUBALTERN MARY CHURCHILL, A.T.S., had an enchanting experience when she accompanied Mrs. Churchill and our war-travelled Premier on his latest trip to Canada and the United States for talks. She said it was the most wonderful time she had ever had in her life. Her inspections of the various Transatlantic women's forces included a 58-hour visit to the U.S. W.A.C.s, which was not only great fun, but gave her an insight into American methods and showed how like their training is to that of the A.T.S. This was followed by sun-bathing at Daytona Beach. Subaltern Churchill is stationed at a mixed A.-A. battery near London, and on her arrival she went straight back on duty.

On the quarter-deck of "Renown," wrapped up in a duffle coat, MARY CHURCHILL *took a constitutional with the* PREMIER *and* MRS. CHURCHILL.

RECALLED TO THE GOVERNMENT: LORD BEAVERBROOK.

The chief surprise among the new ministerial appointments is the recall of **LORD BEAVERBROOK,** *who becomes Lord Privy Seal. It will be remembered that he was a member of the War Cabinet from July 1940 till February 1942, and carried out fine work as Minister of Aircraft Production and as Minister of Supply. In February 1942 he was appointed to the new office of Minister of War Production, but he resigned this post within a fortnight, and was succeeded by Mr. Oliver Lyttelton. He then left the Government and, when speaking in the House of Lords, has recently voiced a good deal of criticism of various ministers. In his new appointment Lord Beaverbrook has Cabinet rank, but no seat in the War Cabinet. He is sixty-four years of age and was raised to the peerage in 1917. This fine portrait-study is an example of the work of the Canadian camera portraitist, Y. Karsh, who has come over here to compile a pictorial record of war leaders for the Canadian Government.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY KARSH, OF OTTAWA.

A FLAT WITH A STREET-LEVEL VIEW: "MY SISTER EILEEN."

Below the house a subway is being blasted with dynamite, and the night is punctuated by explosions and crashes as the sisters get ready for bed.

Arrived in New York, armed only with their burning ambitions, writer Ruth (CORAL BROWNE) *and actress Eileen Sherwood* (SALLY GRAY) *rent a very vulnerable basement flat, with a garbage-can view, at Greenwich Village. Interested window-gazers and commentators are A Pair of Drunks* (JACK VYVYAN *and* JACK LEOPOLD).

THE English edition of "My Sister Eileen" (Savoy), American slapstick comedy success by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, based on stories by Ruth McKenney, is produced by Marcel Varnel. Through the basement flat wander a strange crowd of odd characters, suitably accompanied with "situations," including one international incident. Harry Ross, Carl Lacey and Charles Farrell, as Chic Clark, a Cossack and The Wreck, are in the thick of the laughter.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

Ruth grows so nervous that she creeps over to Eileen for companionship. Noises off continue unabated.

Former occupant of the flat, Violet Shelton (VIRGINIA WINTER), *a lady of many visitors, pays a call, and leaves a batch of newly-addressed cards for the sisters to hand out to her friends.*

The final blow. A burrowing workman bursts through the floor. The landlord, M. Apopolous (MAX BACON), *is beside himself, and father Walter Sherwood* (IAN FLEMING) *decides his daughters must come home at once.*

"It'll have to be a Duke of the Infernal Regions. They are free from midnight until 4 a.m." : *Cully* (RONALD MILLAR), *Cohen* (ALFRED BASS), *Jean* (SHEILA BROWNRIGG) *and Morag* (DOROTHY SMITH) *invoke the Devil.*

"It is unlucky to bring an open umbrella into the house" : the startling entrance of the Devil, Mr. Bolfry (WALTER FITZGERALD), *who comes in the guise of a minister of the Church of Scotland.*

"If you are, as I think you are, a bad dream and the voice of my own heart speaking evil, I will tear you from my breast. . . ." Mr. McCrimmon (ALASTAIR SIM; *right*) *with Mr. Bolfry, Cully and Cohen.*

"Not that I am really dangerous. We are mischievous a little and fond of experiments." Jean and Cully find that the diabolic Mr. Bolfry, whom they have conjured up, is a little disconcerting.

THE DEVIL IN THE MANSE: BRIDIE'S "MR. BOLFRY."

"MR. BOLFRY," James Bridie's latest play, was produced a few weeks ago at the Westminster, and has now been transferred to the Playhouse. Alastair Sim is in his original part of Mr. McCrimmon, but the Devil, whom the bored young soldiers conjure up to counter Sabbath boredom at the Highland manse where they are billeted, is now played by Walter Fitzgerald. Mr. Bolfry, as the fiend is called, arrives in the guise of a Scottish Church minister with a gift for theological argument which strains the powers of the real minister to their greatest extent!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

"Come along, then. Let's see you hunt the Devil over the moor." The infernal Mr. Bolfry baits the Highland minister, Mr. McCrimmon, before taking his leave of the manse.

"That's me and the old trouble-and-strife" : Gunner Cohen, of the Borough Road, S.E., shows Mrs. McCrimmon (SOPHIE STEWART) *a photograph of his wife.*

Cassie Tower (MARY THOMAS) *tells Parris Mitchell* (SCOTTY BECKETT) *that they will not be able to play together any more, as her father is unexpectedly taking her away from school.*

Childhood's friendship resumed: Parris (ROBERT CUMMINGS) *and Cassie* (BETTY FIELD) *meet when they are grown up; and fall in love.*

"KING'S ROW," new Warner Brothers' picture at the Warner Theatre Leicester Square, and the Regal, Marble Arch, opens in 1890, when Drake, Parris and Cassie play with Randy. There's a mystery about Cassie's mother; and when Parris grows up and studies with her father, Dr. Tower, the shadow deepens. Dr. Tower forbids the young people to meet, and finally poisons Cassie and commits suicide. Parris is his heir, and in the Tower medical journals finds the reason for the crime—Cassie has inherited her mother's madness and her father has killed her in mercy. Drake is in love with Louise Gordon, and

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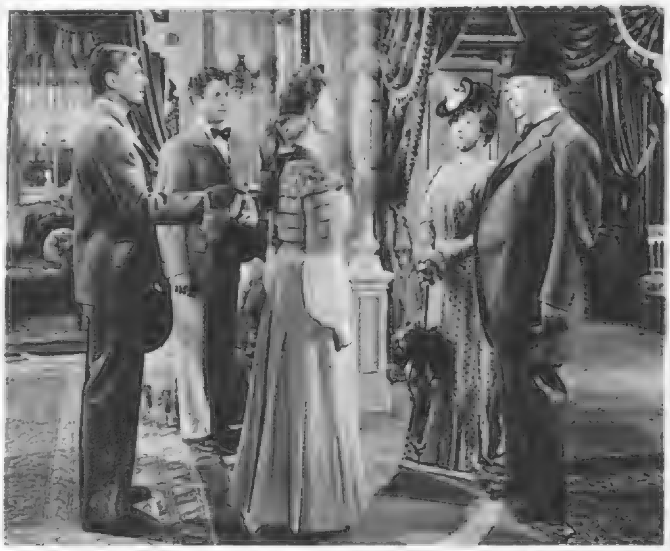

Dr. Henry Gordon (CHARLES COBURN; *r.) forbids his daughter Louise* (NANCY COLEMAN) *to associate with Drake (l.). Parris Mitchell and Mrs. Gordon* (JUDITH ANDERSON) *are background (l. and r.).*

MARIA OUSPENSKAYA *as Mme. Von Eln, beloved grandmother of Parris Mitchell. After her death, he goes to Vienna to study the new science of psychiatry.*

Happy childish games and laughter: Drake McHugh (DOUGLAS WHEAT) *and Parris Mitchell* (SCOTTY BECKETT) *play with little Randy Monaghan* (ANN TODD).

Drake McHugh (RONALD REAGAN) *and Randy Monaghan* (ANN SHERIDAN) *renew their friendship when grown up.*

STRANGE AND COMPELLING PICTURE THAT YOU MUST SEE: "KING'S

Dr. Tower (CLAUDE RAINS) *refuses to allow young Parris Mitchell, who is studying with him, to see his daughter Cassie, much less become engaged to her.*

Drake McHugh (RONALD REAGAN) *tries to console Parris. Dr. Tower has poisoned Cassie and committed suicide. He has left all his property, and a medical journal, to Parris.*

Louise Gordon (NANCY COLEMAN) *accuses her father, the sadistic Dr. Henry Gordon, of carrying out unnecessary operations as a "punishment for sin."*

Randy Monaghan (ANN SHERIDAN), *girl from the unfashionable "over the tracks" part of the town, with Drake McHugh, now ruined and a cripple, and Parris Mitchell, who is trying to help him.*

Continued.]
his suit is also forbidden, as the sadistic Dr. Gordon believes him to be a rake. Drake loses his money, and through Randy's father gets a railway job. He is hurt in an accident, and Dr. Gordon amputates his legs unnecessarily. He marries Randy, but cannot rouse himself to remake his life. Parris, now a psychiatrist, having discovered from Louise the horrible truth about the amputations, decides to tell Drake, although Randy thinks he should never know. Parris is justified, for the shock pulls Drake together. In the meantime Parris has "laid the ghost" of his lost love Cassie, and finds in Elise the woman to advise and to inspire him.

Parris Mitchell meets Elise Sandor (KAAREN VERNE), *whose beauty recalls that of his lost Cassie. She helps and advises him.*

Randy tries to prevent Parris Mitchell from telling her husband, Drake, that he had his legs amputated unnecessarily. Parris feels sure that he must be informed.

ROW"—WITH ANN SHERIDAN, ROBERT CUMMINGS AND BETTY FIELD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

CYNICISM is an attitude of mind that is not much respected, I believe, by serious thinkers, but it has its value, both practical and theoretical. A cynic is seldom a fanatic, and though he may do a certain amount of harm, it is likely to be on a small scale, compared with that done by fanatics and enthusiasts. Ready and indeed anxious to believe the worst of human nature, he is inclined to be tolerant of its shortcomings; moreover, his cleverness in having discovered them puts him on good terms with himself and helps to make him easy-going. And besides this, it can hardly be denied that in certain cases a cynical view is a true view, and thus, though the cynic himself may not set much store by Truth, he may be more successful than some more serious-minded people in distinguishing it from falsehood.

"God's Cowboys." Perhaps everybody ought to be capable of cynicism at one time or another, but a complete, unremitting cynicism of outlook (if such a phenomenon is possible) is not only distorting, but dull—as dull as a human face would be if it wore no expression but the dog-like sneer from which the word cynic is derived. One great merit of Nellise Child's novel, "Wolf on the Fold," is that, besides debunking a preponderantly "fake" religious movement, it draws a telling contrast between "God's Cowboys" (as this particular division of the saved were called) and Hanna, who was brought up in the midst of the salvation racket but would have nothing to do with it. Suffering from a tumour on the brain, she was cured by an operation performed by a Jewish doctor. The efforts of her father and her sister, both religious racketeers, to persuade her to say that she had been healed by their prayers, brought her face to face with a moral crisis. But in the course of the story she is faced with many; she not only has to champion the Jews (one of whom she married) against the Christians, represented by her own family, but also to defend her scapegrace brother, Jerry Otis, against the world—including the claims of her husband.

Black Sheep and Grey. The scene of Nellise Child's story (the writer's name suggests feminine, the style of writing masculine, authorship) is laid in America, in the early years of this century. No doubt characters as detestable as Jerry Otis did exist in those days, but the peculiar quality of his anti-morality has for me a smack of modern times; he is an embryo gangster. Indeed, the author's sense of period, though by no means faint, is not the strongest feature of a very strong (in the best sense) novel. Another weakness is that Jerry's charm, which enslaved Hanna's affections, being partly physical, is hard for the reader to realise; harder, perhaps, than his immediate success in the pulpit. None the less, this is a fine novel, written with exemplary impartiality, a careful sense of moral values and an instinctive power of illustrating them by human behaviour. Towards the revivalists, as I suggested, and their mascot Jerry Otis, Nellise Child adopts an attitude of cynicism, but we are not therefore to assume that the author would have extended this to all religious movements of an evangelical character—and even among "God's Cowboys," besotted as they, and mercenary as their leaders, were, she makes distinction. Simon Furie is, practically speaking, a pure adventurer, out for what he can get from the credulous; but his daughter Rosemary is sincere in her way: if she deceives others, she also deceives herself, and perhaps for that reason she is a more successful hot-gospeller than her father. A sense of humour—or, at any rate, a sense of proportion—never deserts the author, and this account of "God's Gangsters"—as they might have been, but were not, called—is less exaggerated than some others, and just as funny.

This new photograph of ADMIRAL SIR MAX HORTON *shows the Commander-in-Chief Western Approaches studying the plot from his office, with the aid of binoculars. The plot shows routes of convoys, movements of ships, and so on.*

The Golden Age in Malaya. In "David and Anna" the moral background is much less obvious: it is absorbed and transmuted by Mr. Robert Payne's almost mystical feeling for the beauty and peace of Malaya before the Japanese invasion. This beauty, whether exemplified in the prospects or in the people (for unlike the hymn-writer, he does not see the latter as vile), is realised so vividly that it becomes almost literally breath-taking; one suffocates in the tropical luxuriance and the characters sometimes seem to lose their identities in the abundance of their sensory perceptions. David is a young English planter, the son of a clergyman, married to Anna, a girl of Portuguese nationality and mixed descent. Writing to his father, David tells him that he feels he has cut himself off from the world by marrying a Eurasian, and goes on to say that he no longer feels an Englishman, but has become a part of the forest. And in a sense this is true. The whole story is penetrated by a kind of animism—men seem like trees walking, and *vice versa*—and by a profound awareness of the Portuguese past in Malaya, as well as by the ancient culture indigenous to the place. A sense of the present hardly exists. And this impression of utter apartness from modern Western civilisation prevails even when David, fearing for the safety of his children, has had the adjacent thickets of the jungle burnt down.

The narrative moves slowly and often at levels of perception below, or above, that of the conscious mind. David has a love-affair with Anna's sister, the beautiful Teresa, who subsequently becomes a nun: but it is an affair with the moon, in which there is neither sin nor shame, nor does it greatly affect David's relationship with his wife. There are glimpses of Portuguese society very accurately observed; but the soul of the story is subdued and held in thrall by the enchantment of the place, and by Mr. Payne's poetical apprehension of it. High lights in this enchantment are the dance of the Tamils, in which Anna, overpowered by the call of the blood, joins in, and the scene where Daimalen kills a tiger with his bare hands. Whether such a feat is possible I do not know; it was the only moment when my confidence in Mr. Payne as guide to the mysteries of Malaya was at all shaken.

A Well-Worn Situation. With "A House for Clarissa" we return to the light of common, occidental day and to a situation which, in its most obvious aspect, is a commonplace of fiction. Densham Manor, that beautiful dilapidated old house, is ruled over by old Mrs. Densham, whose gold-topped cane serves her for a rod of iron. She has freed the estate from debt, and although the house is still a financial burden it embodies all her pride, which is tremendous, and absorbs most of her interest in life. She tyrannises over Mary, her unloved daughter, whom she has almost reduced to the status of a maid-of-all-work; she tyrannises over her granddaughter Sarah; and she is disappointed with Sarah's brother David, who has joined the Army without troubling to marry and provide the family with an heir. A tyrannical old house, a tyrannical old woman—we have often met them before. All the more credit, then, to Miss Shirley Darbyshire that she has been able, by adding one or two novelties to make an entirely new dish.

The Invader. The chief novelty is Mrs. Densham's American granddaughter, a refugee from the South of France. Clarissa, now visiting her mother's old home for the first time, is everything that Mrs. Densham, rather unexpectedly, admires: gay, chic, purposeful and rich. From the first moment the two women, brought up with such different ideas and ideals, make an alliance, and, as a result of this alliance, Mary and Sarah, first spiritually and then physically, begin to get crowded out of the house. Clarissa is not slow in detaching David from his allegiance to the Rector's daughter; feebly he rebels, but it is a golden match, and his grandmother, as well as Clarissa, has set her heart on it. The engagement is announced.

What is most remarkable in this story is the subtlety with which Miss Darbyshire manages to suggest that it will be a very bad thing—in fact, a calamity—if Clarissa gets her way. Nothing about her is exaggerated: one can perfectly understand why some people liked her: yet the effect of the accumulated evidence against her is overwhelming. Nothing happens quite as one expected; the bomb, which we were confidently awaiting to settle all the difficulties connected with the manor, falls indeed, but only to inflict some bruises and blow out a few windows. And the emotions, like the dialogue which reveals them, get additional force from being continuously understated. This is particularly the case with the dénouement. Nine out of ten writers would have laid stress on the dramatic and sensational elements of the catastrophe, but Miss Darbyshire, brushing them aside, conveys its effect in the simplest terms of suffering and loss and sorrow. She does, however, allow herself a moment of vindictiveness, and the reader must have a very Christian nature not to relish it as fully as she does.

Family Scenes. Ngaio Marsh's latest story starts with characteristic *élan*. The Claire family have mastered the difficult art of producing emotional scenes which are unmarred by cruelty. They can let loose their incompatible temperaments at each other without the expectation or even the hope of making any impression—thus leaving the reader entertained without being harrowed. They even manage to make a workable arrangement with the egregious Mr. Maurice Questing, whose activities are the subject of grave misgiving, both in the white and the coloured communities; and with Mr. William Smith, whose distinction lies in being equally unpleasant drunk or sober. But when the celebrated actor Geoffrey Gaunt arrives, the armour of inviolability gets a dent and the play of personalities becomes harsher. "Somehow," Rua said mildly, "I never seem able to enjoy spy stories. They always seem to me to be incredible." His words have, alas, a prophetic ring, for as "Colour Scheme" becomes more of a spy story it loses a little of its first fine careless rapture.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Wolf on the Fold. By Nellise Child. (*Peter Davies; 10s. 6d.*)
David and Anna. By Robert Payne. (*Heinemann; 10s. 6d.*)
A House for Clarissa. By Shirley Darbyshire. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Colour Scheme. By Ngaio Marsh. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)

"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"— FILM SALUTE TO U.S. NURSES.

Janet Davidson (CLAUDETTE COLBERT) *supports and comforts Olivia D'Arcy* (VERONICA LAKE) *in a moment of terror.*

Heroines of the fight at Corregidor and Bataan: CLAUDETTE COLBERT, PAULETTE GODDARD *and* VERONICA LAKE *as U.S. nurses.*

After an attack on a convoy: Lieut. Janet Davidson (CLAUDETTE COLBERT) *carries on under conditions of horror and stress.*

Fighting the leaping flames: Lieut. Janet Davidson struggles to master the fire after an attack.

Not the way to handle a rifle! VERONICA LAKE *does a bit of clowning between scenes during the making of "So Proudly We Hail."*

Jean O'Doul (PAULETTE GODDARD) *with Lieut. Summers* (GEORGE REEVES) *and Lieut. Janet Davidson* (CLAUDETTE COLBERT), *whom he marries.*

"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL" (Plaza, October 8) is a salute to America's front-line nurses—the girls who worked with the Army in the fight for Corregidor and Bataan, and miraculously escaped. The film is told as a flash-back. The story opens with the girls arriving in Australia *en route* for home. Each relates her story to an Army doctor, who is trying to bring Lieut. Janet Davidson out of a coma caused by the belief that her husband has been killed. As each nurse takes up the tale, her particular experiences are re-created. Official approval was granted to the picture and the script-writer, and producer and director Alan Scott and Mark Sandrich interviewed the eight nurses from Bataan and Corregidor, and the U.S. War Department opened the files to Scott.

BARBARA BRITTON, *as Rosemary Larson. She will be remembered for her work in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."*

MURDER BY CANDLELIGHT.*

By MARK PRIESTLEY.

THE guard came through the club car, gently intoning "Santa Julian! Thirty minutes!" and Creen felt his nerves tighten.

"What's that mean?" demanded the woman tourist who had implacably asked questions all the way from Buenos Aires.

Listening behind his newspaper, Creen heard a passenger politely explain the half-hour's halt. The train would be changing engines after the climb. The station restaurant was famed for its excellence.

"I can personally recommend," said the passenger, "the Chicken *à la Reine*."

With studied casualness, Creen strolled out on to the observation platform and, in the darkness, drew the kid gloves from his pocket and pulled them on. His luck had been beyond his hopes. The belligerent tourist's behaviour in the club car had unmistakably distracted attention away from his own foreign presence. Now the train was already slowing down, the grey ground becoming solid and tangible, and he quietly slipped off into the gloom. He spotted at once, this near side of the station buildings, the white glimmer of the cattle-pens and the road that led away to the right.

Creen was thankful, too, for the darkness. He was the first off the train, and once beyond the glare from the carriage windows his hurrying figure merged across the lines to less than a shadow in the starry night.

His hand tightened on the heavy spanner he had kept clipped to the money waist-belt under his shirt. Hand on his hip, glancing back to the train, he could see the other passengers disgorging, moving with the excitement and hustle of travellers who would eat to their watches.

He felt his own mind keyed to a brilliant, icy pitch of sanity, aloof to demands of fatigue and food. He thought, I am not hungry . . . I shall not miss a meal. He had deliberately kept away from the dining-car to foster the impression that he might eat at Santa Julian. He would not be missed in the rush to the restaurant. He had considered that point long months before. Now in his dark suit, no less chosen with a deliberate view to purpose, he moved through the sable shade under the eucalyptus-trees, a shadowy, unseen figure, intent on his errand.

He walked swiftly, with a light, predetermined tread. He noted with satisfaction the slight wind that was blowing, a wind that would help to brush smooth any footprints left in the dust, but he kept as much as possible to the soft stubble verge of the track. He would have to remember to dust off his shoes. He would use the kid gloves, then pocket them and throw them from the train on to the empty, unvisited pampas, a hundred or two miles farther on to Rosario.

It took only ten minutes to reach the adobe gatehouse at the edge of the ranch, just as Van Flinden had said. He reconnoitred it a moment or two and was satisfied with the darkness. When the old man uncertainly answered his knock, a candle wavering in his hand, Creen sprang at once with his spanner.

There was a dulled, egg-shell crack. The candlestick rolled on to the carpet without a sound, the candle sprang loose and was extinguished. After a moment, Creen turned and began to walk back to the railway. When he reached the station the sound of plates and voices still came from the restaurant. He still had ten minutes to spare—ten minutes he had kept in precious reserve in case any last-minute complication should detain him.

He dusted his shoes by the cattle-pens, pocketed the gloves and afterwards washed the spanner in the little toilet. He had wrapped it in paper till then and kept it concealed in his sleeve. He set the paper alight and watched the last ashes go. When the train began to move, gathering speed, his lips crept apart in a smile.

For a moment he was back in London, encouraging Van Flinden to talk, slyly asking an occasional question. He had always made sure that the question seemed trivial enough in its context. Detail by detail, month by month, he had wrested facts from the ranch agent in this way till he knew he could find his way to his grand-uncle's place blindfold.

The building-up of the picture had been so gradual, so furtive. Van Flinden had never been aware of being pumped. Besides, a man does not remember what he has said in casual conversation, not after three years, and Creen had bided his time.

Time! Most men, he told himself, went about such a job too soon or too hurriedly. Then they were hanged.

Or they never risked spending hard cash unless perhaps from the dock. And Creen reflected how gently he had gone to work, salting away part of the money he had borrowed on his expectations, opening a small bank account here, transferring to a larger one there, juggling his own finances ever more precariously until he had transformed his second self—his alibi of Benjamin Salter—into an accepted, substantial person.

As the train rushed on, farther and farther away from the silent, darkened gatehouse, he went again and again over the groundwork, his alibi, the mistakes he had foreseen and averted. How he, Creen, was merely away from London on a few weeks' fishing, while Benjamin Salter, with his dark, horn glasses, and his authentic, bank-vouched passport, had stepped aboard the liner for Buenos Aires. How Salter had taken a taxi from the Buenos Aires docks to the Plaza de Mayo, and, after a brief stroll with his suitcase, had changed to another taxi and the train to Santa Julian.

It was sixteen days from London to Buenos Aires by the fastest ship, thirty-two days there and back. And Creen would be away only four weeks—twenty-eight days—on his cycling and fishing holiday.

Routine fools like the police would never pin on a man the guilt of a murder that had happened 5000 miles away only a fortnight before. They'd never have reason to search for Benjamin Salter. If they did, they'd merely find the mysterious Mr. Salter had taken a one-way ticket to Buenos Aires and had vanished for ever. They wouldn't know that Creen had killed his second self—his self-created personality as Salter—then and there. A third personality, an unknown man, travelled on to Santa Julian.

Global murder! The phrase had first dinned into Creen's mind when Old Man Creen had sold up the ranchlands and moved into the old gatehouse, and had begun to live there interminably, eccentric and alone, with his cool million at the bank and the brokers living till Creen lost hope of the old man dying. . . .

Global murder!

It needed only a careful, pre-calculated schedule, plus travelling stamina. It needed only intensive organisation, nothing more. Benjamin Salter disappeared. An unknown man travelled to Rosario. A man who wore spectacles and was named Smith caught the plane from Rosario to Buenos Aires. A passport wasn't necessary on that trip inside Argentine boundaries. In Buenos Aires a clear-sighted man with a limp caught the New York Clipper and the New York liner to England. His London passport bore the name of Edward Stenson, his reservations had been booked in London, and Stenson had a London existence as substantial as Benjamin Salter. Six days to New York. Five across the Atlantic. . . . Twenty-eight days instead of thirty-two. And where was the flaw? All murders—all the discovered ones—had flaws. And Creen had gone over the scheme again and again. Once suspicion became directed to himself, the fabric could collapse like a house of cards. But suspicion needed its premise, a flaw. And in all the scheme no flaw existed. . . .

Creen's face was working with decent emotion as he sat in the lawyer's dusty office in London. "Walking and fishing in the Highlands," he explained. "I came as soon as I got your message . . . the terrible news. . . ."

The lawyer nodded. The death was tragic—no doubt a tramp who meant to commit robbery and had lost his nerve. His expression implied that old Mr. Creen was old indeed. Violence instead of final peace was the only tragedy.

"You have heard the will formally read," the lawyer said. "You know, Mr. Creen, you have inherited a vast sum of money. . . ."

Creen waited. He had planned that this was how he should be—silent and grief-stricken.

"I hope I shall do good with it," he murmured, at last. "I cannot but feel the responsibility. When I think of all my grandfather might have done! He could have built hospitals, endowed schools. Instead . . . living so meanly! Scarcely spending ha'pence on candles!"

"I didn't mention candles," said the solicitor.

"No," said Creen. "But his ranch agent told me years ago how old Mr. Creen used to grope about——"

The lawyer coughed. "What you say," he said, "is very curious. Santa Julian happens to have an excellent electric-light company. Your grand-uncle had shares in it. Both his old ranch and the gate-house were wired, of course, before you were born."

"I know he used candles," said Creen, and suddenly stopped.

"Yes," said the lawyer. "By a curious coincidence the power-station in Santa Julian had a breakdown and old Mr. Creen walked down to the town and bought himself two penny candles. It was the night of his death. . . ."

"I will tell you," said Creen, "how I know about the candles." But suddenly he stopped and his face grew grey. A knot seemed to tighten . . . tighten . . . at the side of his chin.

THE END.

*_All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary._

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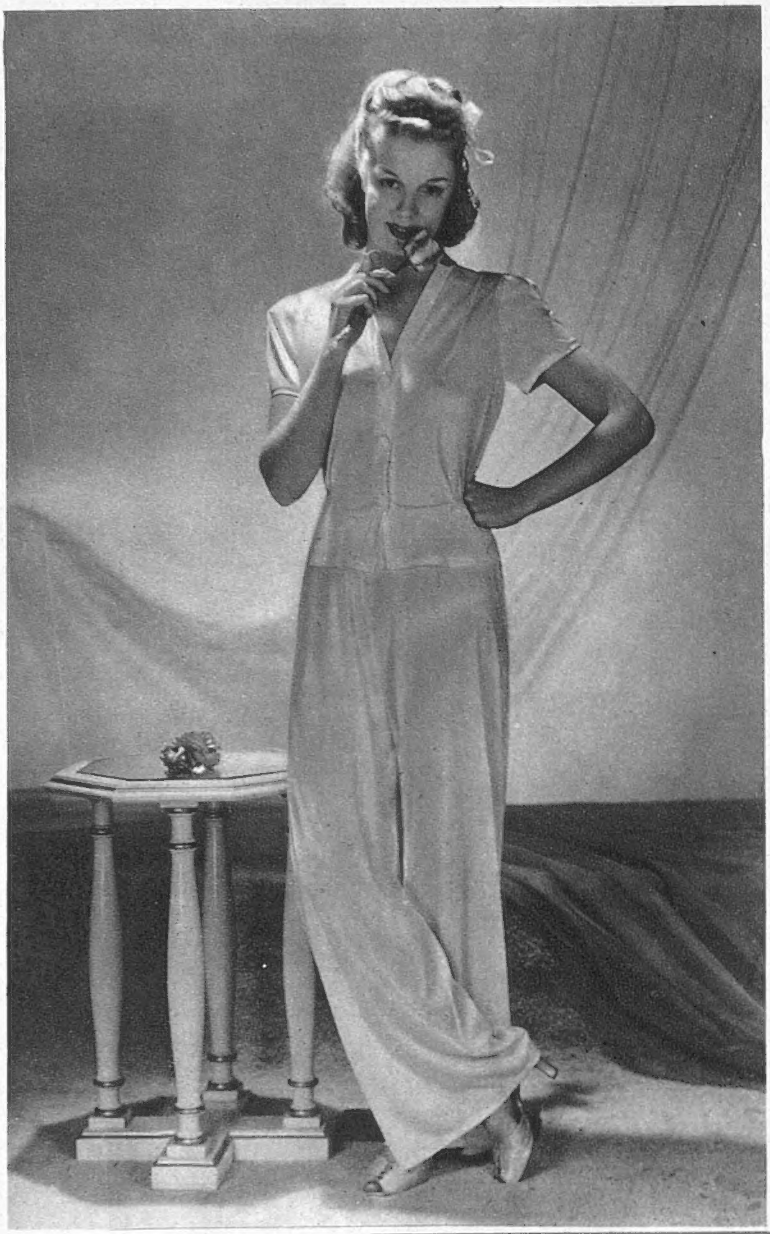

SIMPLICITY is the characteristic feature of the Utility Pyjamas pictured above. They are made of Celanese de Luxe Locknit and are neat and comfortable. There is a tie at the waist, the scheme being completed with three buttons. Other points in their favour are that they wash and wear well. There are two varieties—the knitted and the woven. Outfitters of prestige sell them at pleasantly moderate prices. Again, there are nightdresses to harmonise. Touches of a contrasting colour are frequently introduced. It seems almost unnecessary to add that everything sponsored by "Celanese" is in accordance with the Board of Trade regulations.

ACCESSORIES are now looked on with favour: they are indeed "coupon savers," as they give new life to a dress. Lillywhite, Piccadilly, are making a feature of the same. For instance, there is the warm coat illustrated on this page. It is made of a substantial woolly fabric and is available in many colours. As a matter of fact, it is destined to harmonise with the "odd" skirt which is carried out in tweed and kindred fabrics.

THE collection of Utility garments at Selfridges is of great interest: they are well cut and tailored. The needs of slender women, also those of generous proportions, have been carefully considered. Included in the collection are the practical corduroy slacks pictured. Naturally, the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. Corduroy wears remarkably well and looks distinctive in alliance with the fancy brushed twin set which completes the outfit in this picture. Divided skirts have many representatives; they are slimming, the division being well-nigh unnoticeable. Here are likewise to be seen little frocks that may be worn at home or at a cinema or even at an informal dinner. It all depends on the accessories. A black dress is pleasing, with costume jewellery such as a brooch, clips or necklet.

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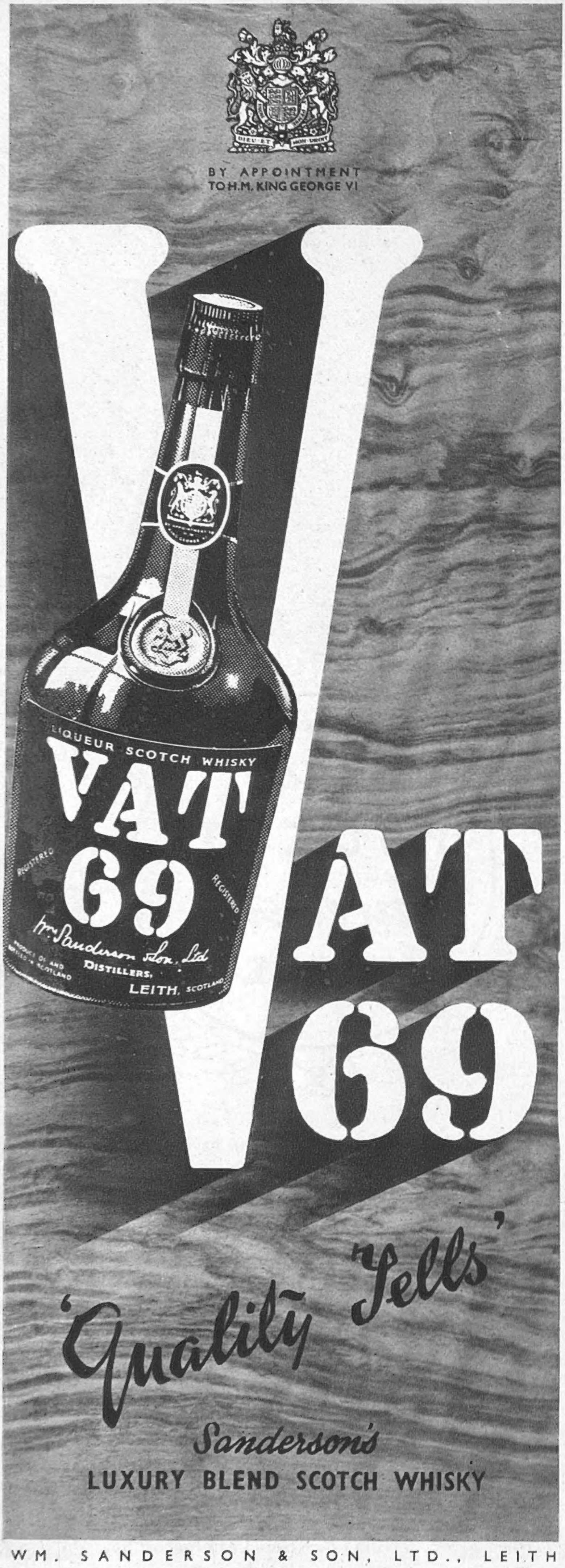

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